HERALD OF FREEDOM.

"I enter into no compromise with Slavery. I am for Justice, in the name of Humanity, and according to the Law of the Living God."

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HERALD OF FREEDOM.

From the National A. S. Standard.

Slavery the worst form of Stealing.

I send to the Standard the following extracts, from "Notes on Exodus," by GEORGE BUSH, Professor of Oriental Literature in the University of N. Y. a work in high repute among Presbyterians and Congregationalists. I am glad to see the great doctrine, for which abolitionists have so long contended, against the current theology of the day, openly and unequivocally proclaimed from such a quarter. X.

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL.

The original (ganab) is the usual word for *steal*, and has nothing peculiar in its import to require a special investigation. The scope of the commandment is to secure the *right of property*. It prescribes the mode in which love to our neighbors is to operate in this respect. The subject of property is one of great extent, and by its various relations entering largely into the elements of human happiness. While God is himself the great proprietor of all things, he has established a constitution of things, by virtue of which every man is not only entitled himself to the products of his own labor, but authorized also to make it over, or bequeath it, to his posterity or heirs. It is the wrongful abstraction, or invasion, of this *property*, which the eighth commandment is designed to prohibit; and of all the forms of violation of this precept, none is more palpable, more gross, or more highly provoking to God, than that of *depriving a man of the products of his labors, by depriving him of himself*. This is the most aggravated form of *stealing*, of which it is possible to be guilty, or even to conceive. Whatever may be said of other possessions, a man's person is his own; his life is his own; his liberty is his own. He who takes them away without his consent, and without any crime on his part, *steals* them. And surely stealing men is a much greater crime than stealing money, as a human being holds a higher rank in the scale of existence than inert and senseless matter. The eighth commandment, then, forbids, distinctly and peremptorily, all the despotic *enslaving* of our fellow men, of whatever condition or color, or of exercising absolute lordship over them; because those acts virtually deprive human beings of that property in themselves with which the Creator endowed them. This is a usurpation of the rights of man which no usage, law or custom, can legalize in the sight of heaven. No title can make good my claim to another's person; no deed of inheritance or conveyance transmute it to a third party. There is but one being competent to make the conveyance, and He has never done it. Every man, under God, *owns himself*; he has a *right* to himself, which no other man can challenge. I may be lawfully restrained, punished, and even executed by just laws; but, I can never be *owned*; I can never be, in the sight of God, either serf or slave; I cannot sell myself; no other can sell me.—Though I may, for a consideration, make over to another my right to my *services*, yet the right to *myself* is no more alienable by myself than by another. God gave me myself to keep, and his ownership alone in me am I bound to recognize.

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"*He that Stealeth a man*," *&c.*—For this crime the punishment of death was expressly denounced; and *that* with the utmost degree of rigor. The alienations which operated in the case of other thefts, were precluded here. In other cases, if the article stolen had not been alienated, or if there was reason to look for repentance and restitution, some mitigation of the punishment ensued. But the man-stealer was absolutely doomed to die, whether he had already sold the person stolen, or whether he still had him in his own hands, neither alienated nor used for service. (Comp. Deut. xxiv. 7.) But the spirit of the interdict undoubtedly applies to all cases of man-stealing or kidnapping. In the sight of Heaven, it is a crime charged with the blackest guilt. This is clear from the penalty annexed to it; especially as contrasted with the penalty for stealing property, Exod. xxii. 14. If a man had stolen an *ox*, and killed or sold it, he was to restore five oxen; If he had neither sold nor killed, two oxen. But in the case of stealing a man, the first act drew down the utmost power of punishment; however, often repeated or aggravated the crime, human penalty could do no more. The fact that the penalty for man-stealing, was death, and the penalty of *property*-stealing the mere restoration of double, shows that the two cases were judged on totally different principles. This will appear still more evident from the remarks on this passage by Mr. Weld, in his tract entitled, 'The Bible against Slavery.'"

[Professor Bush then quotes largely from Mr. Weld's pamphlet, in support of his position.]

From the Disciple.

Rise and Progress of Reformation.

The Jewish church was not looking for the anticipated great reform, as if it were to arise out of a manger in Bethlehem—to go forward in the teachings and works of a reputed son of a carpenter—to do its mightiest work upon a cross—to burst forth anew from the well-sealed and guarded sepulchre—to roll on with overwhelming power through the agency of a few poor, illiterate disciples of a crucified Master. That church would not tolerate the testimony of a poor man, who, in receiving his sight, had experienced the efficacy of the mission of him who had come from heaven. But they replied to his unanswerable arguments, "Thou wast altogether born in sins, and dost thou teach us?" And they cast him out. In later time the church of Rome was not better prepared to appreciate the reformatory agency of Luther, a poor monk. And in the present time the American church bears signs of an obtuseness and enmity to the genius of reformation and religious progress, indicative of a state of heart and practice similar to those churches.

The temperance reform had become retrograde in the church and in the higher classes of society, when, a year and a half ago, commencing in Baltimore, it 'up rose' from the gutter, and broke forth from the grog-shops, and has already over-swept the land. Thousands, has it saved from the hitherto hopeless depths of ruin. Hundreds of these, so suddenly washed from the spew of drunkenness, are going forth most successful missionaries of total abstinence.—But the church and the aristocracy of the land are not prepared to give their heart and hand to a reform like this. Its origin was most humble, and it is carried forward by the simple influence of the Law of Love, a law founded on the common brotherhood and equality of mankind. Such as are untaught in this law, will not come down into the work. Nor will they extend to the reformed the hand of brotherhood and equal humanity. They persist in caste. They stand aloof and the reform rolls on in the might and efficacy of humble kindness.

We confidently expect a completing reform—a baptism of the Holy Ghost, following closely after this one of *water*—a full turning to the Lord among the reformed from all drunkenness, and the publicans and sinners of the day, who have been regarded as abandoned from God, as they have indeed been abandoned of men. We think we see the preparations for this, in what God is doing for his true saints, in dispersing from their minds the long, dark night of superstition, caste, sect and formality.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Farmer

Ought to be thankful that he is such.—He is the most independent being in creation.—He plants his seed, and puts not his trust in man.—If he offends the politician or the priest, the frown of the former, or curse of the latter, cannot blight his harvest. He depends upon no being but an impartial God for a support. And if the Almighty were influenced by such motives as he is sometimes represented to be, he would most assuredly shower down visible blessings upon the *anti-slavery farmer*. But the "reward of virtue is not bread." It is a peace which "the world cannot give or take away." I would therefore call upon my fellow farmers to lend a hand in the destruction of slavery.—They risk nothing by it but the curse of hypocrites. If this abominable system of oppression is ever driven from our land, the farmers and mechanicks must do it. The field and the workshop are liberty's temples. The State House and pulpit are *dedicated* to slavery. Then let us on to the battle—"Our petitions have been spurned from the throne." Our liberties are sacrificed to party policy, and sectarian perfidy; come from your mountain homes, where your country's eagles delight to dwell, come from your free vallies and bounding rills—you inhale the free air of freedom's God, and every thing about you speaks of liberty. What farmer can think of the bond-man's wrongs and make no effort to redress them? One united effort—one vigorous rally of the Northern farmers would make slavery "hide her diminished head;"

"Charge Chester, Charge; on Stanly, on!"

A FARMER.

Plymouth, Sept. 1841.

Dear Br. Rogers,—I see by the last Herald that you have been prospered by the great Friend of the slave so that you have returned to your old chair with health, strength and heart, to still plead the cause of humanity. The Lord help you.

The meeting at Plymouth, and our subsequent journey and convention at Littleton, together with other circumstances, have filled my mind with sensations of such a kind that I feel to impart some few thoughts that have passed my mind since we parted at Littleton, to our brethren through the Herald.

The eve of the convention, dear brother, is still fresh, and ever will be in my mind while reason retains its place—not so much on account of what Br. Garrison said as what he did. When I saw the man that has been so often denounced as infidel by an unmerciful priesthood—good Samaritan like—so ready to relieve the wants of one who had fallen amongst Priests and Levites, I felt from the heart to say, thy God is my God and thy people are my people. Where thou livest I would live, and where thou diest there would I die. It awakened in my mind a lively sense of the obligation that rests upon us to dwell upon the theme of love to God and make it manifest by love to man, in our every act, while travelling through this world of woe. But I must leave Littleton and the dear brethren there who so kindly supplied all our wants for the sake of Jesus and his despised poor. The Lord bless them and help them to come out from every thing that is calculated to hinder them in the race that is before them. From Litteton I took the road down the river and drove some ten miles, and coming to a house purporting to be a place for the traveller to rest, I drove my faithful beast into the shed and stepped into the house; but finding the room occupied with evil spirits and immortal beings mingling together, I felt it to be my duty, *not to buy the rum seller out*, but to say by my act that the house and the keeper were a curse and a nuisance, and ought to be shunned as a place of rest. As I was leaving this abode of misery and gate to hell, the rum seller, Esq. followed me to the door and said, sir, if you wish to rest awhile you can step into this room. But I chose to leave the squire and his victims to ponder on what had passed. Leaving this soul destroying man and his rum I pursued my journey and soon found myself at the door of Bro. Samuel Eastman, in Landaff. I shall not attempt a description of the difference between that house of satan and den of drunkards just left, and the quiet home of Bro. Eastman, but must say while the former leads down to the gates of eternal death, the latter points the way and even reminds one of the haven of eternal rest that lies beyond this vale of tears. After spending two or three hours pleasantly, and I think profitably, with Bro. Eastman, I left for the east part of the town, where I found an old acquaintance who was formerly known as an abolitionist, but was subsequently frightened from our ranks by new-organization movements, on account of the political stir of that party. But he seems to be returning. New organization, thou enemy of all righteousness, thou fiend in human shape, what mischief hast thou not wrought? When wilt thou cease to pervert the right ways of God? Soon, thank Heaven, for thou art about dead.

Had it not been for this movement of wolves in sheeps clothing, men that love the fleece more than the flock, and sect and party more than the Saviour and the suffering slave,— not only Kentucky, but many other slave States would long before this time have acknowledged slavery to be a sin against God and an outrage upon humanity—yea, the North would have given up and the South could not have kept back. The sons and daughters of God who are now suffering oppression would have been brought from far and enjoyed the Liberty of the sons of God—Sect would have been taken in its own devices and put to death.—The Zion of our God enlarged filling the whole land. Lands converted,—God's name glorified,—Angels rejoiced,—fetters broken, yokes and whips burnt,—the bands of wickedness loosen'd, Columbia's jails demolished, and the oppressed set free.

O Brother! while contemplating what might have been, had it not been for the withering influence of sect and party, I have almost imagined that I heard the shouts of praise to God and the Lamb, coming up from our enslaved brethren at the South, like the voice of many waters.—But alas! Recollection hurries me back not to despair, but to poor benighted Plymouth, where the people in their blindness worship wood and stone. I have much more to write, but I shall weary you. Fear not for it is the pleasure of our Father that the principles of Truth should fill the Earth. Yours, while there is a slave in chains.

E. C. ROGERS.

Cornish, Sept. 1841.

Dear Editor,—I have had uninterrupted enjoyment of God since I left those unscriptural, unchristian, unholy and pro-slavery bodies called churches. They are unscriptural because there is no place in the New Testament where any organization is described as scriptural which corresponds with any church in either denomination of sect in Christendom. The word translated church, means primarily an assembly, without distinction of christian or heathen. It is just as proper in the original sense of that word, to say Mohammedan church—heathen or pagan church, as to say Protestant Lutheran, Greek or christian church. Just as proper, and far more so, to say anti-slavery church, as Baptist, Episcopal, or Methodist church. When the scriptures say the Lord added to the church daily of such as should be saved, they do not mean that men added them to a sectarian organization, but just as they say, *the Lord added them to Christ's church*.

When the question came up in my own mind, can these bodies and their martial order and officers, be christian churches, I was constrained to believe, from their steady opposition to the cause of bleeding humanity, that they did not evince the spirit of Christ and of course were none of his. My object was first to reform them. I supposed that, organized as I had always believed them to be on scriptural authority, they would readily yield to the truth and embrace the glorious anti-slavery cause. When I saw the "beloved brethren in the ministry" come forward and nobly and fearlessly espouse the cause, as did the Roots and Putnams and Curtises, I thought, verily the churches will be delivered. But new organization effectually blasted these hopes, developed the corrupt maneuvering of the clergy and their sects, and drove me to the fundamental question, are these *scriptural* organizations? Soon after this, and before I could yield to the thought, enough to fairly meet the question by careful investigation of the New Testament (for I can go no where else to examine the character of professed christian organization) the council of Congregational clergy was called to investigate my case.—This was the second case of the kind where the management of Andrew Rankin and his coadjutors had come to my knowledge. The other was a case which occurred in Colebrook, and though I saw much in it utterly at variance with the spirit of christianity, still I passed it over, and could not believe that *mother church* was wrong, or her accredited agents. But come to see the tact and management, the wicked craft of the ministers in connection with Campton church and the anti-slavery enterprise. I could no longer delay but entered immediately upon the question are these the churches and ministers of Him who "came to save that which was lost?" I searched the New Testament for a system of church government corresponding to that of either of these denominations of sect. I carefully compared the state of these bodies with the requirements of the gospel, and the result of these enquiries was to satisfy my mind beyond a doubt that these bodies were no more authorized by Christ or his apostles, than were the Catholic church, the old temperance societies, new organization, free masonry, or the infidel club at Tammany Hall. This is meant to assert not that there are not traits among them which more resemble christianity than do these other bodies; but that *there are* traits among them which as truly unscripturize them in their present organized capacity, as do any of the traits of these other bodies. This result of a careful search of the New Testament on this subject led me to adopt the course I did, on the Sabbath you were present at the west "steeple house" in Campton, of which you gave a description in the Herald. No step have I ever taken in which my conscience and my New Testament continue to uphold and strengthen me from day to day, so powerfully as they do in this. In regard to my progress and encouragement in this, to many, new and strange course, you will hear from me occasionally. I have said here but little in regard to the unscriptural character of these bodies. More anon. They are unchristian and unholy if they are unscriptural. For we have no standard that so fully sustains all convictions of the true and the right within us—none that so perfectly defines and measures christianity and holiness as does the Bible. But we need not rely wholly on this argument, as "all have not faith" in it. Their worldliness, pride, luxury and popularity show conclusively that they are not christian, if the evangelists have given us a correct account of Christ the founder of christianity—of his teachings and the principles on which he founded His church. And if these same principles, together with all else that nature and the Holy Ghost have taught us of the character of God, are the standard of holiness, then the case is made out, the moment we compare the character and condition of these bodies with those principles, as Christ, his apostles and early followers carried them out.

That they are *pro-slavery* you have most fully proved in the Herald for the last few months. The sum of the proof is briefly this—*they have done nothing* as yet, to exhibit a disinterested love for the slave, but have steadily opposed those who have manifested the most convincing evidence that they count all things loss for the excellency of Christ, as visible in the principles and measures and leaders of old organized anti-slavery. We do not say that these are perfect, except the principles. They are. But we do say that Christ in them, will make them perfect and powerful to the entire destruction of slavery in every form. To oppose them therefore, either the principles or their legitimate operation as seen for the last ten years, steadily progressing to their destined triumph, in the measures and labors of our noble, gifted and heaven directed Garrison and his coadjutors, is to be pro-slavery *to the core*. To new organize for the sake of the Hydra sect, and call in the aid of political chicanery as the ministers and the sects have done is worse than mere pro-slavery. They have proved this, by the results of this kind of opposition. It has done more to strengthen pro-slavery than all other opposition ever could do. Poor Davis never would have ventured North but for new organization, nor would any other defender of that faith have found his way into the pulpits here, *so late in the day*. There is a species of proof on this topic from their own lips. When the abolitionists have come down upon them with the solemn truth in regard to their position, how have they fled to the newspaper defence, as they did after they were branded with "moral felony?" Why in the name of the poor slave, on whose neck they have stood by their pro-slavery connections for 200 years—and why in the name of the slave's God whom they have insulted by their stupid silence on this vital question, did they not come out long ago to show the world that they were not "thieves" and murderers? and if they say they have done it, *why do it again?* Would not their former fruits show where they were? Verily out of their own mouth they are condemned as wicked and slothful servants!

In view of these things why are abolitionists so fearful? "How is it, that they have no faith?" It seems verily that to die in this cause would be sweet—yes, "to die" here would be "gain." Brethren and sisters, we have not begun to make sacrifices yet, as is manifest from the fact that abolitionists live as well, dress as well, and are as rich, in many instances, as the rest of the ungodly world. They have heretofore given only what they could spare and have enough left, just like the patrons of the pro-slavery institutions of the country. Are we not verily acting over the same unbelief which the early disciples of Christ did? I will only add, "every one that is perfect shall *be as his Master*.

Yours for the cross,

T. P. BEACH.

Colored Member of Parliament.—The correspondent of the New York Herald says: "The small borough of Sudbury has returned a *nigger* for a representative; Mr. D. Sombre. He advocates the outside of liberalism, and did the business quite handsome, outbidding the *tories* by some considerable amount of dollars."

Whether this is a hoax or not, we cannot tell. There is no mention of it in other papers.

HERALD OF FREEDOM.

'Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.'

N. P. ROGERS, Editor.

'In the name of our God we will set up our banners.'

CONCORD: OCTOBER 4, 1844.

A Sally with the Anti-Slavery Agents.

We last week Tuesday set out to accompany brothers Pillsbury and Foster on an anti-slavery *foray* into the towns of Hancock and Francestown. We were *in* want of *rest* from the wearing *exercise* of *sitting still* and seeing the land going to the bottom, with the mill-stone of slavery about its neck. We wanted, moreover, to see the few anti-slavery spirits—men and women—scattered up and down in those towns, and by the way. It was what they call "Court week"—or used to, when that *christian* institution occupied but one week at a term. It now consumes two or three—in its *quieting* of contention and *maintainance* of the public *peace*. We met portions of the various constituencies of a court, coming in from the West of the County. The hurrying, headlong, ruin-seeking party—hastening like an ox to the slaughter; the dubious-looking witness—polished up and cooled for the occasion by his anxious employer; and the solemn looking grand juror, full of *presentment* and preservation of the public: and the responsible, respectable "good man and true"—the petit juror, chock full of verdict, and "big with the fate of Cato and of Rome"—all streaming to Concord (or rather to *Discord*—) at the full speed of their good looking beasts,—at no journey jog—but at real *training*-going rate—and all with that certain *Court House* look—more easily seen than described—which sickened us at heart to see in our deluded fellow men, and made us thank God we were *going the other way*. Behind the hurrying and scattered procession, we met a more leisurely moving gentleman, whose educated expression of countenance, as well as his gentecler dress, superior equipage, and other marks of prosperity, betokened him a lawyer rather than a *party litigant*. They poured into town to gather to the lovely Court House—at the summons of "the church-going bell"—its solemn ecclesiastical tones quickened to be sure into that secular ding-dong, so soothing to the ear of the happy parties to a law suit. They were to gather and organize at its *hateful* clamor, and after a *prayer over them* by one of the ministers of the *Prince of Peace*, were to fall upon one another pell mell, and fight it out through the week. This same bell is to call them to those squabbles day after day till Sunday, when it is to resume its religious tone, (for it can shift notes as readily as the politicians or the priests,) and call the sects to their worship. And the preacher, who prayed for the success of the law suits, and a blessing on all hands engaged in carrying them on, is to preach a sectarian gospel in full fellowship with litigation and slaveholding, till the millenium comes along and makes it popular to preach on the other side. Then they would preach a gospel suited to the times, were it not that the times will have no use for such *an order*, and they will have disappeared with Satan's other machinery for maintaining his supremacy among men. God speed that day.

We touched for refreshment at Deacon Pillsbury's in Henniker, where a few days since anti-slavery had a scanty hearing, and the militia system, pioneered with *prayer* from the *clergy*, had a great hearing. With cheery heart, notwithstanding the master-haunting clergy are all against us—for God is for us, we wended our way up the dark Contoocook, to the Reverend Archibald Burgess' town of Hancock. We there found Foster in the street—carrying on a scattering street conflict with this Reverend adversary of liberty and of the Saviour's bleeding poor. He had had no meeting—for he could not get a house. The rum tavern was in great excitement in behalf of the church and the minister—Foster had broken in upon them the Sunday before, and the whole village was in commotion. There had been a funeral in the place, and there was to be a meeting in the vestry after it. Foster went in, intending if he could get opportunity, to preach to the people in behalf of the slave, and to warn them of their dangerous pro-slavery position. At the appointed hour, the Reverend clergyman had not arrived, and Foster took "the desk," and addressed the assembly. Soon the funeral procession came in—he paused till they were seated—when he resumed, and continued till the Reverend Mr. Burgess entered the room and finding an usurper in his place, boldly and like a good "soldier of the cross" came up behind him and seized him by the arms, or shoulders, and put him out.—Foster did not look round to see who had ousted him—but continued speaking. Captain Somebody—we forget his name, advanced to the rescue of the worship, laid hold on Foster and dragged him out of the house—or forced him out—we did not see it, and may not be literally accurate as to the manner of the ejectment. The *sanctuary* was thus purified, and probably its *solemn* and *acceptable* services went on.

We say a word here in reference to our brother Foster's new movement. He is the agent of the State Anti-Slavery Society—but takes his own way of performing the duties of his agency. How far the Society would approve this new measure we cannot say. For ourself we cannot deny the christianity of it, and we see not how the meetings he enters can, or how they can object to it, consistently with their *christian* professions. They assume to be christian assemblies and to be governed by apostolic rules and usages. Thus would be assemblies it is designated as not other than a christian meetings. By those rules and usages Foster undoubtedly has right to enter, uninvited and unpermitted, and be heard. They are *Congregational* meetings to be sure—but then they claim that Congregationalism is *christianity* in its most approved form, and has none other than *New Testament* organization, principles and usages. As *political* assemblies they may deny Foster's right. As *worldly* meetings they may charge him with intrusion. As *heathen* meetings they may complain and cannot be estopped by the plea that Foster comes in as a christian, claiming under the usages of a christian assembly. The reply that they are a heathen and not a christian assembly would put him on a different defence. Whether it would be a defence in that case for him to say that as a man he has a right, and is in duty bound, to enter any human assembly, and cry aloud in the *paramount* behalf of perishing humanity, whatever business might be going on there, is another question and need not be decided so long as these meetings do not claim to be heathen. That the Rev. Mr. Burgess was heathenish in pushing Foster from the desk, and his *captain* in carrying out the movement by thrusting him from the house, is beyond all doubt. None but heathen would be guilty of either. The reverend violator of the peace denied to Foster afterwards that he put him from the desk or intended to. He said he only intended to *move him aside so as to get at his Bible*. An odd intent truly. But he meant to thrust him away from the place of speaking, and had Foster resisted no doubt he would have used all the force necessary to effect it. And afterwards in the street, in presence of the crowd, the reverend *assault-and-batterer*, forgetting himself under Foster's scorching reproofs, was so imprudent as to say right out that "he would have put him out as quick as he would a skunk!" Yet he only wanted to move him gently aside to get at his Bible! And had he put a skunk out, it would have been probably for the same clerical purpose, not to put the skunk out, but in a mild and clergy like way so to remove him, as *to get at his Bible!*

Foster went soon after our arrival and hired the hall in Patten's rum tavern, for an evening meeting. He had to engage to give a dollar for it. After securing this place we all accompanied David Wood home to supper, and in the evening returned to the street. We found a great crowd assembled at the tavern, but the heroic tavern keeper had got frightened by threats of a mob, and refused to let us have the hall. He was selling rum at a brisk rate and afraid we should have a mob if we had a meeting. Some of the rum purchasers were loud in sympathizing with the minister whose rights Foster had violated, and were apprehensive of a mob if there was a meeting. Others present did not like the niggers or the abolitionists, but seeing they had come to speak they were willing to hear them. They were not afraid to hear, they said, and were for free discussion. At length some one proposed taking the common. Our friends readily assented and a platform was erected there under the night sky, and anti-slavery repaired there to present its outcast claims. We opened the meeting and the moon soon breaking out shed its light upon the novel spectacle. We made what use we could of the scene as a sign of the times, and a token of the love of liberty and freedom of speech in a town bearing the name of the President of the Continental Congress. Drunken advocates of Mr. Burgess and of slavery favored us with frequent interruptions. We treated them as respectfully as we could, and their groggy ribaldry as the *arguments of the other side*.

Pillsbury and Foster followed us on the platform, and we went to seek shelter from the night air meantime in the bar-room of the tavern.—One of the property and standing of the village was in there, advising that some justice of peace go and disperse the tumultuous assembly. He said they were violating the law, and ought to be dispersed.—Taking him to mean the drunken brawlers, who were disturbing the meeting, we asked him if he thought that the right way to disperse them! He of course gave us to understand he meant the speakers and those disposed to hear, and not the mobocrats. We told him they were clearly in the exercise of their legal rights—and that if a magistrate disturbed them he would violate the law. He said the town of Hancock did not wish them there, and they had no right there. We asked him if Hancock had more power or rights than other towns, and said if it had not, Hancock could not drive people out of town or from a peaceable meeting. A religious-looking gentleman sitting by said we were mistaken—that Hancock *could* drive them out, for they were in the *highway*, and town could control that. We assured him the town could not drive folks from the highway, though that was not the ground on which the first gentleman was for setting a justice of the peace on to the meeting. They were not obstructing, or in any manner incommoding the highway we said—but exercising their legal right of assembly, and it would be illegal to molest them. The religious-looking gentleman asked us *solemnly* if there were not slaves in Old Testament times. We told him we did not care if there were. We did not want slaves in *New* Testament times, and asked him if *he* did. He did not like these agents, he said, coming round into places where they were not wanted, and causing disturbance. The people fell in one after another from the cold about the platform, and we carried on a discussion there, while our friends carried it on without. We were asked why these agents come to Hancock—and why they did not go to the South. They declared all were opposed to slavery here. We told them we thought not, and that here was more occasion to speak than at the South. "What will you do with them, if you get them free" queried one—"They will be on here, ten thousand of 'em," shouted another, "if you let 'em loose." "They could not take care of themselves," cried a third, "they are better off where they be." "They are better off than poor people here to the North," said another philosopher, who set by looking a good deal like a fury. You see, gentlemen, said we, that there are some in Hancock who are not opposed to slavery. "Yes, but damn it" cried a citizen, "what will you do with them, if they were set free?" Nothing, cried we—nothing at all. "Why don't you suppose they would scatter and be all over the country?" I don't know, nor care, friend, said we, whether they scatter or not. I'd free 'em if they scattered over all creation. I'd give 'em LIBERTY, let 'em do what they would.—They should have liberty, whether or no. They've done nothing to forfeit it, and they shall have it, for my part. Every man has a right to liberty—black or white, and he is a tyrant that says the contrary. "Oh we're all in favor of liberty here," said the religious-looking gentleman. "I'd sell them niggers," said a citizen, "as quick as I'd sell a pair of cattle." "Why don't you go and pay 'em for the slaves, Mister?" quoth another citizen. Because they have no right to pay, friend, said we. The slaves are not theirs and never were. They belong to themselves, and these tyrants ought to pay them for the work they have already got out of them.—"They bought 'em and paid for 'em," said he.—They bought 'em of a thief then, said we—bought 'em wrongfully, and have no right to 'em or to have pay for 'em. They are men and women, and can't be bought and sold, and can't be owned. And so we had it, till nine o'clock. The meeting on the common was adjourned to 2 P. M. next day, and we retired, after one of the drunkest of the crowd had run a tilt upon Foster in the bar-room for abusing the minister and breaking up the meeting Sunday before.

At the time appointed next day our friends assembled on the common and drew a waggon out for a platform and pulpit.—Some semi-circular seats were constructed before it, of planks laid upon kegs, and a small auditory having collected, we mounted on the *whipple tree of our pulpit*, and began to address them, on the state of the liberty question in the town of Hancock.—It was turned out of doors we declared, and obliged to the blue sky for a covering, and to the naked earth for a floor. Passers by began to call up and listen, and soon we had a considerable audience. The breaking up of the Baptist school soon furnished us a considerable addition.—Our tipsy friends of the evening before were some of them in attendance, and by their opposition occasioned no small interest. Our Reverend adversary had a *prayer meeting* in his corporation at about the same time with our meeting.—A "prayer" meeting of the "devourers of widows' houses"—holden "for a pretence"—for they scorned that day the enterprise that would deliver the widowed, orphaned, slave population, on whose necks the *felon* "Brotherhood" is standing, of whom this prayer meeting was part and parcel. Soon after we commenced speaking the Reverend Mr. Burgess' Sexton commenced ringing the steeple bell for the prayer meeting. We stopped till he should get through.—He rung on *rather longer*, we thought, *than usual*, and we set down. He kept ringing, till it seemed at last pretty clear that he rung with reference to *our* meeting, as well as his master's. We told the audience the story of Liberty Bell in Philadelphia, and what it "proclaimed throughout all the land"—and reminded them of the different proclamation made by this Hancock bell and the steeple bells in general—not "Liberty"—but *vassalage* and *slavery*. The Sexton kept on dinging and ringing, till it seemed as if he meant to see which could last the longest our patience or his bell. And after he had rung *ever so long* he ——— begun to toll, and his tolling was as long as a Pharisee's prayer. There was almost literally no end to it. *Finally, he left off*, and our meeting went on. Foster followed us in one of his most effective speeches—after saying that the meeting was open to all, and giving opportunity to others. Some interesting inquiries were made by some of the auditory at the close of his speech. Our groggy friends every now and then retired to Patten's tavern and returned to the debate, with their mouths full of *tongue* and argument. We adjourned near sunset, to meet at the same place after supper.—At the hour of adjournment the agents were on the spot and met a committee of the young men's Lyceum with a proffer of their hall, the Lyceum having politely adjourned to make room for the anti-slavery meeting. We were not out in the evening, but learned that the meeting was most interesting—the hall well filled and anti-slavery triumphant. A young Southerner appeared—who went from the North and ventured to defend the system from the scripture. He was signally discomfitted by one of the young men of the school. He was more honorable than Mr. Burgess however, who kept cowardly away. He was not afraid to seize Foster with his ruffian hands, while surrounded by his vassals—but he did not dare meet him before the people, in fair discussion. He stalked by us in the afternoon from his "long prayer" meeting, with all the swagger and portly indignation of a militia captain exasperated. We never saw a more palpable exhibition of bluster and sacerdotal choler. And he professes *Christianity!* What an example before the unfortunate people of Hancock!

Our Hancock friends, who were somewhat disheartened at the aspect of things at first, were greatly established in the faith by all they witnessed.—We trust they will learn the tyrannous pro-slavery of this sectarian clergy. The Baptist clergyman, by the bye, did not present himself. Some one told us he was a secreted looker on of our afternoon meeting—that he took post behind his wood pile, where he could just peep his head over the top, but being discovered, or not near enough to hear conveniently—he planted himself at the nearest window, and sat there *desperately busy reading a newspaper*.—He holds to IMMERSION. Reverend brother Burgess holds to SPRINKLING. We were all most kindly entertained at David Wood's. The blessing of the millions ready to perish be on him. Not because of his liberality merely—but his faith in the truth and his noble humanity. He presented a valuable horse to the old society for the use of the agents. It is worth $50 or $60. He is an abolitionist in earnest, and if he can stay at home with his wife and children, and Foster and Pillsbury are willing to leave home or to have no home or "where to lay their heads" and to give themselves to the cause, he feels it a light thing to turn out a $50 horse, among other things. The Almighty will see that David Wood never lacks—nor any of his children—unless they forsake the way of their father and cleave to the world. In that case they will very probably like others who seek riches, become poor.

We drove from brother Wood's to Francestown. Willard Everett, *the* Francestown abolitionist (we found no other) had tried in vain to get a house for a meeting. The vestry of the Rev. Mr. Davenport was closed, *as also the hall* of Esq. Perkins' *rum tavern*. Foster went out of the desolate looking village to find an abolitionist, and see about a meeting. We never saw a more unencouraging, inhospitable, heartless looking region. Notice had been posted of the meeting, and our arrival was not therefore unexpected. But not a soul extended to us a hand, or glanced us an eye of encouragement, or countenance or toleration. We walked across the road from the *rum* tavern into a *rum* store of a Mr. Dane, peradventure to find a chance to say a word for the slave in the ear of some publican or sinner we might find there. We found a respectable looking citizen who we soon ascertained was lawyer Hazeltine, of the village. He was quite civil and ready to talk, and we spent some three hours in conversation with him on slavery—to the profit we hope of some of the bystanders, if not to him. We have seldom met a more hopeless instance of pro-slavery. He was learned on the constitution and in the law. He declared himself and all about opposed to slavery—which was a great evil—a cancer—but one not to be got rid of—an incurable cancer, and abolitionists had made it worse, and put back emancipation half a century. At last however he declared that the line between southern slavery and minority or apprenticeship here, was merely imaginary—only the slavery lasted after 21. Esquire Bixby came in and sat awhile. He did not like abolition at all. Slavery was in the constitution—we at the North had nothing to do with it one way or the other; he had his doubts if Congress had with slavery in the District; thought the states who ceded the District, reserved the slavery question; did not know about the territories, thought the discussion ought to be where the responsibility was—in short, Esq. B. was a stout sensible-looking pro-slavery yeoman, and we have since understood, a politician and a candidate. How hardly can a candidate or a clergyman be a christian, or have feelings of common humanity!

Another farmer-looking man trimmed his tobacco pipe, and thought abolition was a subject we had no business with here. He was a cider drinking politician, we supposed, and talking to him would have been casting pearls. We could not get the slightest aid or encouragement for a meeting from any of them. The Reverend Mr. Colver had been there during the week and had a meeting house full to hear him, *led on* by Reverend brother Davenport. Friend Hazeltine did not hear even him, we believe. The store keepers said nothing. The preceptor of the academy looked in but said nothing and "passed by on the other side." Another well dressed young man came in, and heard some time, but said nothing. We felt heart sick at the scene. Men's eyes did scowl upon us. One of the store keepers, an unfortunate, deformed man, looked at us out of the cloud of smoke that went up from his long pipe, with none of the most auspicious eyes. We frankly made known our business, and kindly declared the pleasure it would afford us to be aided to an opportunity of addressing the people, in behalf of the slave.—The Religion and the Rum and the Law and Trade were all against us. We had to turn our backs upon the place, and leave the dust of our feet as a testimony. It shall be more tolerable for Vicksburgh and 'Natchez under the hill' in the judgment, than for such places as Francestown.

Lawyer Hazeltine and Foster had a slight encounter before we left the store. I told Foster on his coming in of friend Hazeltine's comparative opinion of slavery, and minority and apprenticeship. Foster asked him if the master could sell his apprentice. He can till 21, was the reply. Not without the apprentice's consent, said Foster. You sir, said friend Hazeltine, may be an able anti-slavery lecturer sir, but not so able to settle a question of *Law* sir. Foster said he had been an apprentice himself and knew that a master could do no such thing without the apprentice's consent,—and that an apprentice could as well transfer his master, as the master his apprentice. An appeal being made to us, we remarked to friend Hazeltine that we had been a sort of lawyer, until a short time back—but that we never had heard of any such law—however it might be now, since we left off the practice.—Where at Foster imprudently smiled, which incensed friend Hazeltine so that he lost his self-possession, and talked quite scurrilously and passionately.

We acknowledge the right of Francestown to be as hostile to the Old Anti-Slavery Society as it chooses, but claim our right to speak of it as it deserves, and of its cold blooded, churlish, rum tavern, meeting house, and rum store. Its law office was personally civil to us, but very senseless and flippant against our enterprise.

We called on friend Everett, who with his intelligent wife remains firm to the Anti-Slavery cause and who received us most kindly. We felt we had done all we were called on for the town, and turning our backs upon it rode to Mont Vernon, to make an effort there the following day. Our success we will defer narrating to another week, having already spun our story to a tedious length.

The Philanthropist.

The editor of this paper has come out, on the recent destruction of his press by the mob, in the gallant spirit of *anti-slavery* '76. We tender him our faithful sympathies—and we call on abolitionists throughout the land to stand by him. We can give him no encouragement however, that his press can stand in that corrupt city, so long as the public mind in America is moulded by a *sectarian religion* and a *hireling clergy*.

The following is another voice from the southern prison house—from "Providence church, Rutherford county, Tennessee." It is quite mild compared with the "tar and feather" temper of the first.—That any of our population are bodily and spiritually in worse condition than the southern slave is palpably and grossly untrue. But then the spiritual condition of many among us is terrible enough—for they are *pro-slavery*. This is a "spiritual condition" of the most horrible character, and is well entitled to the commiseration of even our slave driving Baptist, of "Providence church, Rutherford Co. Tenn." We commend them to his pity.

"*Rutherford Co., Tenn.*

"This document was sent to the Society of the Baptist church in this county—it is returned, and you would oblige not only the Baptist denomination but all others, and the community at large if you would keep all such documents at home. The slave in this country, who you represent as not permitted to plead for himself, is in a far better condition, both bodily and spiritually than many, very many of your own population—and they would not exchange situations with them."

Franconia Notch and the Meeting at Littleton.

We bargained last year with our beloved fellow traveller Garrison, in the Scottish Highlands, even on Loch Katrine, on board the barge rowed by McFarlan and his three highlanders—or else as we rode the Shetland Ponies from Katrine to Lochlomond, through "Rob Roy's country," and along "native heath,"—and when we were gazing homeward at the mist-clad mountains,—that if ever we lived to get home again to our dear New England, we would go and show him New Hampshire's steeper and loftier summits,—her Haystacks and her Washington Hills, and their Alpine passes. God in His tender mercy preserved us homeward o'er the terrible sea, and has kept us since amid the vicissitudes of the rolling year.—We have performed our promise, and been our stipulated journey. We had gazed together on the Scottish Trosachs and Caledonia's mountains, and now have beheld New Hampshire's Highlands and her eternal notches and gaps—her lonely mountain peaks and boundless woods. Scotland's "Crags" are "wild and majestic"—but they are no match for ours.—They are but *island* mountains. Ours are *continental*. The Ben Lomonds and Ben Nevises of old Scotland rise abruptly from the lowland plains, in distinct and naked elevation.—Our great Haystacks and our Mount Washingtons lay away from the sea and the level country, enshrouded by illimitable woods, amid piled up hills, and you have to climb as high almost as the Scottish summits, before you get to their feet,—and you view them at last, not in the full vigor of untired imagination, as you come to the "Highlands"—and with your fancy all afire with poetry and song, but you reach them with imagination jaded and wearied out with hills on hills in everlasting succession—more than you can remember or cope, and they stand there all unable *to speak for themselves*, and you *have to tell them as they are*. But we cannot compare them, any more than we can the great men of the old world and the new. We cannot bring them together that they may show themselves at once before us.

We started from the home of our dear Plymouth kindred, Wednesday morning, the 25th of August, and took our way up the wild Pemigewassett. The road follows that stream some thirty miles to its source in the very notch of the great Franconia Mountains, and is perhaps the levelest, as it undoubtedly is the pleasantest of any road of that length any where in New Hampshire if not in New England. The mountains shut down upon the river so that the settlers had to stick to the stream. They could not leave it far without coming upon a surface a little *too perpendicular* for even the travelling and inhabiting ambition of the northern regions of the Granite State. The road courses along the diminishing river, and up the narrowing intervales, and between the converging and threatning uplands, that soon *degenerate* into mountains, which though nameless, in a land whose *staple commodity* is hills, would still rank respectably among the chief summits of more southern New England. Beautiful strips of intervale continue all the way up *through* Campton, Thornton and Wooodstock, the picturesque and appropriate name of what was once Peeling, and at the head of *plough navigation*. Woodstock is the last of the towns—though Lincoln has ventured up above her, into the very notch, and has *some families* besides her town officers. Lincoln may be made however a comfortable town by temperance and hardy industry. Temperate industry can prosper any where, in spite of mountains and winter,—but we would have advised them to stop in their career of emigration toward the Franconia Range, as far short of it at least as Woodstock, until the population so far up, was a little thicker. Woodstock has a noble population of abolitionists. It was once the haunt of rank party politics—but the temperance reform overrun it some years ago, and then a revival of religion, which seems naturally enough to follow teetotalism on principle, and being aloof from the more influential sects, the free inhabitants embraced quite generally the doctrines of abolitionism when they were first presented. New-Organization, we believe has not been able to seduce them from their fidelity. If all New Hampshire was as humane and free as Woodstock, she would be the queen State of the Union.

The scenery through Thornton strongly resembles the rural districts of Scotland. It is so like it, that many years ago a considerable number of Scottish emigrants—on their way perhaps to Barnet and Ryegate settlements of their countrymen in Vermont, were induced to stop short and settle here.—The McLellans, the Robertsons, the McDearmids and the McNortons. We remember their musical accent and foreign look in our boyish days. They have passed away now and their places are supplied by their half Yankee descendants.

At Tilton's tavern, about twelve miles above Plymouth, we halted for Parnell Beach and Ezekiel Rogers, who were to meet us here from East Campton and accompany us to the Littleton convention.—Nothing seemed wanting to make Tilton's Inn a beautiful and very refreshing place for the traveller, but that a horrible, satanical beverage was sold in it, that they call *rum*. *People buy it to drink!* It is "an enemy." They "take it into their mouths to steal away their brains." "Every cup of it is unblest, and its ingredient is a devil." We saw two men *buy some of it* and swallow it down deliberately. We remonstrated with them for their suicidal desperation, and with the taverner for furnishing it to them. His excuse was that folks *would have* it, and he felt obliged to keep it or lose the patronage of the travelling community.

Friends Beach and Rogers arrived and we all resumed our journey to the mountains. About a dozen miles of excellent road carried us to Garnsey's tavern in the immediate neighborhood of the great peaks. We stopped there to refresh ourselves and horses, and to go out to visit the celebrated Flume. We refreshed ourselves, for we had brought some wholesome bread along with us, and got some spring water. Whether our horses got any refreshment we doubted—for poor Garnsey was so stupidly besotted when we returned from the Flume, that he could not convince us whether he had fed them or not. He run of a notion he had. He thought he had watered them too, but the horses denied that as soon as we led them to the trough. We went out east, to see the Flume, about a mile into the wood. The way was exceedingly romantic. It was a foot path through the very deepest and heaviest growth of New

Hampshire woods. We passed birches as big as mast pines. About a quarter of a mile from the high road the path pitched down two or three hundred feet, very precipitously, at the bottom of which roared a mountain stream among the rocks, as clear as chrystal and as cold as a well. Our way lay across it on the trunk of a fallen spruce that required some steadiness to pass. We crossed this stream three or four times more, and came to the cascade. The bed of the stream is here a bare, smooth rock, ascending some ten or fifteen degrees. It is about twice as wide as the stream, which glides down over it, barely covering the mossy rock. It continues up, we should think, several hundred feet. At the foot of it the water dashes into a basin. We walked up dry shod the whole length of the cascade to where the rocks began to wall up on each side and form the entrance way to the Flume. This is a tremendous chasm, cut directly up into the bosom of the mountain—the walls rising on each side in the highest parts sixty or a hundred feet, as if they had been chiselled in the solid rock. We took no dimensions, but should say the great sluice way was fifteen or twenty feet wide, and as many rods long. It may be longer. The stream was along the bottom of it, among enormous rocks that have got there we could not conjecture how. The Flume bends about at the upper end and we could not see its termination. There seemed no place, from which the rocks could have been rent, in the stupendous walls of the chasm, which rose up smooth to the top—and we thought they must have been tumbled along down the great trough by the headlong water in time of flood. We were struck with awe at entering it, as we gazed up the giant trench, to spy a massy rock, weighing we should think a hundred ton, hanging in the very jaws of the chasm, suspended in the air.—It looks at first sight as if it was about to fall. It must have dropped in to the rift, we imagined, when it was rent asunder by the volcano or earthquake or other mountain throe that opened it, or mayhap some Titan wantonly hurled it down there from the peak of Great Haystack. A wild and picturesque looking bridge stretches over the chasm a little way from the pendant rock. It is made by the trunk of a mighty tree fallen across there by some hurricane that swept the mountain side. Brother Beach had entered the Flume ahead of the rest of us, and when we had advanced a little way into it, we discovered him, beyond the *accessible* path—clambering by the hands along the side of the great wall. He had doffed his hat, coat and waistcoat, and boots and stockings, and was adventuring for the upper end of the cavern. We feared he would "catch his death of cold"—if he did not get dashed to pieces—for it was as cold and damp as a dungeon. We shouted to him at the top of our voices—but he could not hear us, for the roar of the cataract, and the distance. He soon disappeared at the bend of the Flume, and we saw no more of him, till a cry overhead made us look up and we beheld him midway of the bridge. If Walter Scott could have had such an incident, he would have made a picture out of it, to immortalize some of his Rob Roys or Helen Mc Gregors. We told brother Beach, after his descent, that we would now risk him for an old organized anti-slavery agent, and advised him to take the field. We all sung Old Hundred at the foot of the cascade and made our back to Garnsey's. After giving the poor benumbed, besotted taverner what exhortation he had sense enough to hear, we paid him for his *problematical* oats, and rode on for the Notch.

The way was most beautiful, through the still—solitary primeval woods. We hoped a deer would show himself from the wild—but he would not—*not* knowing that we were *no* hunters. The Pemigewassett brawled along our road side, no longer a river—but a mountain brook—foaming among the rounded rocks and cold enough to drink. The air was moist.—"The Summer solstice" had scarce "tempered" it. The road was exceedingly fine, and remarkably level, and the trees of the most majestic size. We came to a causeway or kind of bridge over the channel of a little stream—now dried up—that ordinally paid its hurrying tribute to the river, and halted to see "the Basin." We can hardly give a description of it. It is carved by the *chisel* of the whirling stream out of the solid rock—some twenty feet across—the curve on one side rising about that height—leaning over the pool and the dark evergreens on its brink looking down into its deep, pellucid, agitated bed. The water is mackerel color, but so clear, that the sandy bottom though 15 or 20 feet down looks to be within two or three feet of the surface. It is said that two scientific pedestrians halted here to view it one hot day, and feeling desirous of bathing *their feet*, bantered one another to jump in, one of them tried it, and it was *some time* before he *reappeared* to his amazed companion—who of course refrained his *feet* from imitating him. You roll along a mile or two—the road gently undulating through the majestic woods, and fringed with bushes of delightful green—when a vast and overwhelming opening breaks upon you, a boundless *Room* among the mountains, walled on the left by the great Elephant mountain, the rock covered by stunted evergreens *precipicing* up two thousand feet—the blue sky itself scarce visible over its eternal ridge. Before you, at the farther extremity opens the Notch *curtained* by the sky of Vermont, which there comes down upon it—and on the right the wooded, steep side of Layfayette, or Great Haystack. Nothing can exceed the awful sublimity of the great wall on the left. The vast mountain side is clothed with scales of rock, as with a coat of mail, scarred here and there with the old avalanches—while opposite the forest side of Lafayette is striped down with the deep green of modern woods, which have grown in the paths of the "slides." At the Northern extremity of the great Room you come to view "the old Man of the Mountain." It is on your left, up—say 1500 feet—a perfect profile of an aged man, jutting out boldly from the sheer precipice, with a sort of turban on the head & brow, nose, mouth, lips, chin, and fragment of neck, all perfect and to the life—and with a little fancy you supply the *cheek* and *ear*. It looks off Southeast. It needs no imagination to complete it. It is perfect, as if done by art. But it is up where art has never climbed.

The pond which heads the Pemigewassett lays a mirror at the foot of the almost perpendicular mountain. We followed a foot path down to its margin and wandered along its narrow beach to the Northern extremity. The view South from here is truly wonderful.—The sheer precipice of rock rising to the sky on the right, and the forest side of Lafayette, as high and almost as steep on the left, both coming down at the Southern extremity of the great apartment in the form of a notch, and the whole floored by the green lake. While we stood pondering the magnificent scene, two or three waggons from the North drove rapidly through the pass. The rattle of their wheels sounded through the vast hollow like the running of a hundred chariots.

The printer calls for copy. We have fallen into a particularity of detail which would take a volume before we got to Littleton—but we have not time to abridge. We must resume our sketch another week, and hope then to reach the White Mountains, and to conduct our readers to their summit, and let them off through their tremendous Gap, in a less tedious manner than we are wearying them with here. No writing is so difficult as this sort of narrative. The selection of facts among so many, and all so interesting, and the difficulty of conveying to the reader the impression made upon yourself, and of sketching scenes that have begun to fade from the memory. To travel well and see well is rare enough, to tell the story accurately and well, rarer still. It wants, among other things, the plain, colloquial, every day style, which few writers are *refined* enough and *courageous* enough to adopt.

Dover Meeting

Is not forgotten, but unavoidably deferred. We have never attended one of any character, so splendidly sustained, and so orderly, voluntarily and beautifully conducted. It was a self governed meeting, our nominal President declined *keeping* order, and when once or twice some, who came in to dispute, called for order and bred some little *disorder*, he threw the meeting on its *self government*, and all was quietness. Oh that the people—the laboring, the toiling people, the live-long-day working men, and the women whose task is never done, oh that they had been *allowed* to be present and hear the truths that would have found response in their unsophisticated hearts! They were not allowed to be there. They were discouraged away by the unprincipled politician, and the jesuitical priest. How shall anti-slavery get at them? Must it go with Foster into the Synagogues, on Sunday, and speak to them in the face of the cannon and the bayonet's point!—Where shall anti-slavery find a chance *to speak to the People*.

We were amused above measure to hear brother Francis Cogswell, and Reverend brother Young, eulogizing Garrison. I have been highly pleased with Mr. Garrison, said brother Young.—Brother Young's being pleased or displeased, by the way, was infinitely unimportant. *He* seemed to think it more material than to repent of his mobocratic pro-slavery spirit, which could outrage the decencies of an anti-slavery meeting last winter in his own meeting house! He declared *solemnly*, the second evening of the convention, that *he was pleased with some* of the proceedings of the meetings! an indirect, clerical blow at *other* of the proceedings—viz. at the apostolic plainness of Pillsbury, and the Nathan-like directness of the faithful Foster. He would compliment the *infidel* Garrison himself, if he could do it at the expense of these men. "If you would send out such men as Mr. Garrison," said friend Cogswell—"your cause would prosper." How long have you been an admirer of Garrison, brother Cogswell—said we. "Oh I have not liked his writings," said he—"He has not written as he speaks here." Always, said we, only he speaks with more *ultraism* and *denunciation* than he has ever written. "Impossible," said brother Cogswell—"I find no fault with any thing he has said here." Every body finds fault with Garrison, said we, till they see him and hear him speak. If you had *read* what you have *heard*, it would have been *ferocious denunciation*. But when you see the man and hear him, it is quite another thing—and brother Young, said we to him, as he stood by praising Garrison,—we *never shall hear any thing from you of Garrison's Infidelity, hereafter.—Remember that!*

Editorial Receipts for the Quarter.

For our support the current year our anti-slavery friends remember we have no salary—but rely on the voluntary contributions God may move them to make. We were to publish quarterly the receipts that should come to us. We give below those of the first quarter, viz.

Malvina George, of Plymouth,	50
Charles Husband, of Dover,	1 50
Abraham Folsom, of Dover,	1 00
A friend in Durham,	5 00
A friend in Mont Vernon,	1 00
Amos Clement, of Danville, Vt.,	5 00
Daniel Brewer, of Taunton, Mass.,	10 00
Peter Libbey, of Buxton, Me.,	1 00
	$25 00

Add to this a handsome cheese from our dear friends, Luther and Lucinda Melendy, of Amherst.

Great Anti-Slavery Triumph!

The slaveholding South has been driven to the wall, and conquered by the Spirit of Liberty!—The U. S. Senate has confirmed the nominations of Edward Everett, Joel Eastman, and James Wilson, notwithstanding they have openly espoused the anti-slavery enterprise in its most 'ultra' form! These nominations were invidiously laid upon the table, on the ground that those individuals were guilty of holding opinions hostile to slavery; and certain southern senators, in conjunction with certain northern doughfaces, had imperiously made up their minds to reject them. But *this* indignity was too great to be borne by the whig presses of the North. They thundered and lightened tempestuously—talked of a dissolution of the Union—and warned the South to beware of making such an issue! Well, the guilty, cowardly South heard,—trembled,—succumbed! We maintain that this is another great anti-slavery victory, to be added to that which took place at the Harrisburg Convention in the defeat of Henry Clay, and the defeat of the South on the Texas question. At the next session of Congress, we shall obtain another glorious triumph. Courage, friends of freedom!—*Liberator.*

AXISTAN CAPTIVES.—The residence of these liberated Mendians is now ascertained, and they will probably go to Africa, this fall.

They are a stupid race.

Of the many cunning contrivances to escape from slavery we think the following is about the most shrewd we have yet. Two slaves in a certain County of Virginia, ran away with one of their master's horses. They started very early in the morning, in the following fashion. One of the slaves fastened a strong rope round the others body, tied him to the saddle, and drove off. When met and questioned, the rider answered, "that the black rascal undertook to run away from massa. I've caught him, and am taking him home, quick step. I guess he won't be for running away again in a hurry, after massa has had the cooking of him." This failed not to elicit warm approbation, accompanied with hospitable offers of refreshment for himself and his horse.

When arrived at a convenient place, the slaves exchanged places; the rider submitting to the rope in his turn, while the other peformed his part to admiration; and, like him, received assistance and praise for his honest zeal in his master's service.

Thus they journeyed 'in tye,' till they reached Pennsylvania, when the rope was no longer necessary. Thence they passed over into Canada.—*Standard.*

ENGLAND AND CUBA.—The Governor General of Cuba has prohibited the enrolment of foreign built vessels, square-rigged or fitted for voyages across the ocean, from and after the 24th of June, 1842. The Baltimore clippers will lose their market, and the consulate at Havana, will lose its "fees."

These movements have a most portentious aspect when viewed in connection with the character the present Governor-in-chief, General Valdez. He is represented as a very honorable soldier-like man. As an instance of his integrity, it is said he utterly refuses to receive what is called "the head money; *i. e.* the bribes of the slaveholders for winking at the illicit introduction of slaves from Africa. It is supposed that former governors have received an income of at least $100,000 dollars per annum. We fear there are some American functionaries, who would hardly resist such a temptation.

The British Government have issued an order prohibiting all its subjects, holding official stations in slaveholding countries, from becoming owners of slaves. This has produced a great sensation at Havana, and a very salutary reform. It makes some of the British officers squirm not a little.

The London Anti Slavery Committee have thanked Lord Palmerston in a complimentary letter in which they suggest "that no person be appointed to office under the crown, in countries where slavery and the slave trade exists, who is not prepared, in the use of all legitimate and honorable means, to second the effort of the home government and the people in their laudable design to terminate evils which have so long and so fearfully afflicted and degraded mankind."—*Emancipator.*

The Philadelphia National Gazette, says:—"It is rumored that England has demanded from the Spanish Government a fulfilment of the treaty of 1828, in relation to the slave trade, and requiring them to give up all slaves imported since that time. What the result may be, time will show. It is said six thousand troops of line are now in Cadiz, to embark for Cuba immediately; and that the principle fortifications are to be put in a complete state of defence.

OHIO.—The Anti-Slavery Executive Committee of Cincinnati have had a meeting, at which they resolved to support the Philanthropist. They passed resolutions expressive of deep sympathy with the much-abused colored citizens; of indignation at the public meting in the Court House, so well calculated to enflame the mob against the abolitionists; and loudly complaining of the tardy, inefficient, and negligent course pursued by the mayor and city authorities.

The editor of the Philanthropist, speaking of himself and printer, says: "We are in daily jeopody. Our enemies are open in their threats. Prudent friends advise a suspension. But we give place to the mob? no, not for an hour. So long as the friends of liberty shall aid, by the help of our Father in Heaven, we abide at our post. All we ask is, the *means*. Our Society is in debt, our printer is a poor man and has lost all but his type. Perhaps eight hundred dollars would cover his loss, and one hundred ours. We ask help for him, and for the cause."

The New York Journal of Commerce says: "We hope this loss will be made up to them; and that others besides abolitionists will contribute for this purpose. It is a mean and dastardly business to make war upon printing materials; and mob violence, in any shape, ought to be frowned upon by every friend of order and law."

Prudence.

We have been advised by many to suspend the publication of our paper. We cannot do it. It would be a sacrifice of the right of free discussion, we should blush to make. Many prudent ones say that they cannot think of risking their lives to protect us in our imprudence. If it be imprudent to maintain our rights without flinching, may God help us always to be imprudent. And if it be generous to abandon us for planting ourselves upon rights given by Heaven, and guaranteed to us by the Constitution of the State, God save us from such generosity. No, friends, the Philanthropist must be published. The war has now become openly, a war against free discussion, and shall we give back? We are not ambitious to be a martyr—life to us is precious—but, we are willing, heaven helping us, to suffer all things rather than turn traitor to a cause we have so long advocated—a cause, identified with the highest interests of man—a cause which God approves, and will conduct to a glorious issue, whatever the fate of its advocates.—*Philanthropist.*

ANDOVER.—At a meeting in Groton, Mass. it was voted to choose a committee, to inquire into the relation the Theological Seminary at Andover sustains to slavery, and to the anti-slavery enterprise, and to report to the meeting of the Middlesex County Anti-Slavery Society, to be held in Concord.

At the N. Y. Christian Anti-Slavery Convention the question 'Ought Christian fellowship to be withheld from slaveholders?' was answered by an unanimous vote in the affirmative. The question 'Ought the sin of Slavery to be considered a test question in the churches?' was answered by an emphatic 'Aye,' which made the house ring; only one voice faintly answering 'No.'

The Philanthropist.

It may be asked what we intend now to do. The answer is easy. We consider that the Philanthropist is identified with the right of free discussion in the West. By it then, we stand or fall. Two presses have been thrown into the river. Its editor and printer are in daily jeopardy. Our enemies are open in their threats. Prudent friends advise a suspension. But we give place to the mob, no, not for an hour. So long as the friends of liberty shall aid, by the help of our Father in Heaven, we abide at our post. All we ask is the *means*. Our Society is in debt. Our printer is a poor man, and has lost all but his type. Perhaps eight hundred dollars will cover his loss, and one hundred, ours. We ask help for him and for the cause. Will our friends grant it, or will they at this crisis, by their neglect, do what no mob can do, put down the Philanthropist?—*Philanthropist.*

Religious Hypocrites.

'Here is the falsehood in which our community walk in regard to religion—a dry, hard, *unscriptural* community, wanting faith even in the devil; yet putting on with great solemnity the forms of faith and piety; making grimaces and genuflections; speaking with a sanctimonious twang; dealing forth their condemnation in no measured terms upon the luckless wight, who, believing no more than they, has the bluntness to say so. Here they are, talking of the great utility of the Bible; of the blessed institutions of religion; the blessings of a preached gospel; the shocking wickedness of infidelity; the awful condition of those who are living without God and Christ in the world. Out upon this miserable cant! Look into their souls, and you shall not find faith enough to save a musquito. Their very truths become falsehoods; and of all infidels, they are the worst. Miserable canters, worshippers of mere forms, who think by fair words and pious tones to pave the way over hell to heaven. Remember, God is Truth, not a Lie; that no lie can pass current with him; no make-believe supply the place of reality.—Be what you seem; either worship in deep, solemn earnest, which is best, or give up your pretensions, stand out, and say in just so many words, without any circumlocution or reticence, what you now say by your actions, that this is not God's world, but Satan's.

Religion is the practical view which a man takes of his relations to the Invisible. It concerns the state of his soul, the inner man, out of which streams all that he is, either good or bad. It is too serious, too solemn, too awful a matter to make a jest of. Whoso meddles with it at all, should do it in deep earnest, in soberness of spirit; engage in it as in a struggle of life and death. It is, when it once comes up, the all-absorbing question, and there is no rest for us till we get at the bottom of it; till we come out victorious. When, in the soul of every man, the awful question arises, How stand I to the invisible? there is a downright earnestness and intenseness of feeling, which as fire the flax, consumes the hay, wood and stubble of your vain pretences, hollow forms, cant and hypocrisy. Nothing then will answer but the truth, the real truth, God's truth. There can be no pretending to believe. The world is giving way, all things are vanishing, he himself is sinking, and he cannot think of *upholding* truth at all; he feels, all over and within, that truth must uphold him, or he falls, falls—where there is no bottom. Then he does not fear that truth will fall through unless he sustain it; but that he shall fall, unless truth shall sustain him.'—

An Affray. We learn that rather a serious affray took place a few days since, in the neighborhood of Brownsville, Ia., in consequence of an attempt, on the part of the owners, to capture a couple of runaway negroes. The negroes were found at work in the field of an abolitionist; and, on attempting to arrest them, one of the abolitionists who interfered had his throat nearly cut, and one of the negroes, whilst escaping, was wounded with a pistol shot.—Through the assistance of the abolitionists, however, both the negroes made good their escape.

We understand that two men from Warsaw, were the persons engaged in the attempt to capture the blacks above alluded to. They fled, we are informed, on the conclusion of the affair, to avoid being arrested in Indiana. An intelligent citizen of Indiana has mentioned to us a rumor that the Governor of that State is about to demand their surrender. If so, a serious difficulty may possibly grow out of the business.—*Louisville Journal.*

The Capture of a Slaver. The Acorn, 18, Commander Adams, captured on the 6th of July, after a long chase, a notorious piratical slaver. She proved to be the notorious Spanish slave brig Gabriel, which beat off the boats of the Termagant, and killed and wounded so many of her men, with a cargo valued at 50,000 dollars, from the Havannah bound to Cabana, to purchase 800 slaves. She is fitted with leagues, slave deck, shackles, and every thing complete to take that number off the coast. The captain could not be found, and it is supposed jumped overboard when the vessel struck. The vessel answers the description of the brig, that plundered the Windermere Indiaman. When taken possession of, she had a crew of 65 desperate Spaniards, mounted one long 24 pounder on a pivot, and two 24 pounder carronades. Sent to St. Helena for adjudication.

The Jews of the Holy Land, have increased within the last five years, from 2000 to more than 40,000.

Elections. In Vermont, no choice of Governor. In Maine, Fairfield is elected over Kent by about 10,000 majority.—There will be a democratic majority in the Senate and House.

An attrocious murder was committed, says the Courier, at the Poor-House in Cambridge Ms. on Sunday afternoon.—One of the paupers,—a Nova-Scotian named Britton, who had been employed as an instructor in the establishment, entered an apartment belonging to the females, and, with a carving knife inflicted several stabs on a young woman by the name of Sarah Stevenson, which proved mortal. It is stated that Britton had solicited the young woman to marry him, and that the atrocious deed was performed as an act of vengeance for her refusal. He was secured, examined before Justice Chamberlain, and committed to prison. It is supposed that he intended to destroy himself, but the cries of murder brought assistance, which prevented this part of his purpose.

It appears a bottle was found in Britton's room with *Gin* in it, leaving the impression strong upon the mind, that however hardened he was, still he must nerve up to the killing point by the hellish influence of alcohol. This will hold true of most murderers.

Florida Despatches have been received from Col. Worth, stating that he has seized Hospitaka with 15 of his best warriors. They met for an interview, when Col. Worth became assured that their intentions were far from peaceful, and secured them at once. He released five on promise that they would have their entire people, 300 in number, assembled on the Caloosahatchie by the 11th of September.

Melancholy. Three thousand journeymen tailors have been discharged in Paris for want of work. *Boston Times.*

WEEKLY LIST OF REMITTANCES.

J. Eastman, Jr. 90 cts. J. H. Perry, 75 cts. Frederick W. Gunn, 2,00. Persis Eastman, 1,00. Joanna E. Brown, 1,50. Christopher Robinson, 2,00. Josiah Brown, 2,87. Prentice H. Evans, 1,00.

OBITUARY.

Died, in Bow, Sept. 22, Helen, adopted daughter of David and Rebecca Towle, aged 3 years and 4 months.

Anti-Slavery Meetings.

An Anti-Slavery meeting will commence at Pembroke on Sunday eve., Oct. 10th, to be continued on Monday. Tuesday and Wednesday, 12th and 13th, afternoons and evenings, meetings will be held at Pittsfield. Thursday, 14th, afternoon and evening, at Loudon Mills. Friday and Saturday, 15th and 16th, afternoons and evenings, at East Boscawen. Sunday evening and Monday, 17th and 18th, at Franklin. At West Boscawen, Tuesday and Wednesday, 19th and 20th, afternoons and evenings. The state agents will be in attendance, and such other aid as can be procured.

P. PILLSBURY.
General Agent N. H. A. S. Society.

Non-Resistance Convention at Littleton, N. H.

A Non-Resistance Convention will be held at Littleton, on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 5th and 6th of October next. It is expected that H. C. Wright, and other friends of the cause from abroad will be present.

Friends from a distance will be provided with accommodations by calling upon

NAT ALLEN, or
ERASTUS BROWN.

September 15, 1841.

"*Man-Killing, by Individuals and Nations, wrong—dangerous in all cases. By Henry C. Wright*"; is the title of a pamphlet of 60 pages, a few copies of which have been left at this office for sale. Price $1 00 per dozen.

Fresh West India Goods.

JUST received a heavy and first rate assortment of *WEST INDIA GOODS AND GROCERIES*, comprising all the articles usually kept in such establishments—which were bought with cash at the present exceeding low prices, and will be sold at prices that cannot fail to give satisfaction.

—: ALSO :—

150 barrels superior Genesee FLOUR
40 do Ohio do
A few bbls. scratched do
500 bushels yellow CORN.
50 doz. Cast Steel SHOVELS, State Price on manufacture.

Also, on consignment, 500 gallons Sea Elephant OIL, in pierces and barrels, said to be nearly or quite equal to Sperm for most uses, particularly Clothier's, and will be sold low.

Persons in want of FAMILY GROCERIES can depend on a good article if recommended as such.

☞ No ardent spirits about the premises. ☜

W. ODLIN & Co.

Concord, July 2, 1841. 6w

Allison & Brown,

(*Two doors south of the Eagle Coffee House.*)

HAVE just received an extensive assortment of *DRUGS AND MEDICINES*; also a complete assortment of *W. I. GOODS AND GROCERIES.*

N. B. All articles warranted to give satisfaction, or may be returned and the money refunded.

Concord, July 1, 1841. 6w

Wanted Immediately,

FIFTY AGENTS to sell by subscription the Early History of N. England. First and Second Vols. of the True American and other valuable works to whom good encouragement will be given.

Agents who will furnish from $50 to $100 on receiving their agency and taking their books will find their money safely and profitably invested.

Letters addressed to I. S. Boyd, postage paid, will receive prompt attention.

Concord Sept. 10, 1841.

POETRY.

From the Glasgow 'Chartist Circular.'

On the Might of Right.

'For a people to be free, they have only to will it.'
LAFAYETTE.

I saw, or I dreamt it—no, 'twas not a dream—
There was power on the side of oppression—I saw
Impunity run down our streets like a stream—
Religion was strife—and injustice was law;
For hell had combined with the great ones of earth
The many to crush, and I wept at the sight;
When thus a voice whispered, 'Cease weeping, soon forth
The people shall come in the MIGHT of their RIGHT.'

'Twas a still and small voice at the first that I heard,
But louder, and stronger, and bolder it grew,
Till princes and priests became pale at its word,
For this was the anthem on them it threw:—
'Whom God would destroy, he infatuates first,
And the cup of *your* madness is filled to its height;
The fetters you forged now like green withes are burst;
See! the people are up in the MIGHT of their RIGHT.

You have ruled with a rod, and with scorpions chastised,
And laughed at the ruin and torture you wrought;
Remonstrance was vain, and petitions despised,
And the source of your power you regarded as naught.
With the hypocrite's cloak you have covered your pride,
And fought, for religion, contention and spite—
[illegible] idol; but those you intended to guide,
[illegible] asserted the MIGHT of their RIGHT.'

I looked again, and behold! what a change!
[illegible] of the slave and the tyrant was sealed;
[illegible] MAN was a freeman, and thought it was strange
That the many so long to the few should have kneeled.
The throne—where a throne was—on justice was based;
Religion was robed in a garment of light,
And this was the shout that in triumph was raised:
'We have won—we are free by the MIGHT of our RIGHT.'

And over the length and breadth of the land,
Were knowledge and liberty, plenty and peace,
Diffusing their blessings with liberal hand,
Bidding ignorance, slavery, and famine to cease.
And wealth was no longer of freedom the test;
Nor was there a few Heaven's boons to filch:
There were rules and rules, but no ruler oppressed
The people supreme in the might of their right!

MISCELLANY.

From the Essay.

The Instinct of Childhood.

BY JOHN NEAL.

A beautiful child stood near a large open window. The window was completely overshadowed with wild grape and blossoming honey suckle, and the drooping branches of a prodigious elm—the largest and handsomest you ever saw. The child was leaning forward, with half open mouth and thoughtful eyes, and looking up into the firmament of green leaves, forever at play, that appeared to overhang the whole neighborhood; and her loose bright hair as it broke away in the cheerful morning wind, glittered like stray sunbeams among the branches and blossoms.

Just under her feet and almost within reach of her little hand, swung a large and prettily contrived bird-cage—all open to the sky! The broad plentiful grape leaves lay upon it in heaps—the morning wind blew pleasantly through it, making the very music they love best—and children love best—and the delicate branches of the drooping elm swept over it—and the glow of blossoming herbage noiselessly fell with a sort of shadowy leaves upon the basin of bright water, and the floor of glittering sand, within the cage.

"Well, *if ever!*" said the child; and then she stopped and pushed away the trailing branches and looked near the cage; and then her lips began to tremble and her soft eyes almost filled with tears.

Within the cage was the mother bird, fluttering and whistling—not cheerfully but mournfully—and beating herself to death against the delicate wires: and three little lots of birds watching her, open-mouthed, and trying to follow her from perch to perch, as she opened and shot her golden wings, like sudden flashes of sunshine, and darted hither and thither as if urged by something invisible—a snake in the grass, or a bird of prey perhaps—or a cat foraging in the shrubbery.

"There, now!—there you go again! you little foolish thing, you! Why what is the matter with you? I should be ashamed of myself! I should so! Pretty! we bought the prettiest cage in the world for you!—Hav'nt you enough to eat and the best that could be had for love or money—sponge cake—loaf sugar—and all sorts of seeds? Did'nt father put up a little nest for you with his own hands; and hav'nt I watched over you—you little ungrateful thing!—till the eggs they put there had all turned to birds—little live birds, no bigger than grasshoppers, and so noisy—oh, you can't think! Just look at the beautiful clear water there—and the clean white sand—where do you think you could find such water as that, or such a pretty glass dish—or such beautiful bright sand if we were to take you at your word and let you out with that little nest full of young ones to shift for yourselves.

"The door opened and a tall fine-looking man stepped up to her side.

"Oh father I'm so glad you've come! What do you think is the matter with poor lady?"

The father looked down among the grass and shrubbery, and up into the top branches, and then into the cage—the countenance of the young girl growing more and more perplexed and sorrowful every moment.

"Well father what is it?—does it seem any thing?"

"No, my love—nothing to frighten her, but where is the father bird?"

"He's in the other cage. He made such a to-do when the little birds began to chipper this morning that I was obliged to let him out: and brother Bobby he frightened him into the other cage and carried him off."

"Was that right my love?"

"Why not father? He would'nt be quiet here you know; and what was I to do?"

"But Moggy dear—these little birds may want their father to help feed them; the poor mother bird may want him to help take care of them—or to sing to her?"

"Or perhaps to show them how to fly father?"

"Yes, dear. And to separate them just now—how would you like to have me carried off, and put into another house, leaving nobody at home but your mother to watch over you and the rest of my little birds?"

The child grew more thoughtful. She looked up into her father's face and appeared as if more than half disposed to ask a question—which might be a little out of place; but she forbore, and after musing a few moments, went back to the original subject—

"But father—what *can* be the matter with the poor thing?—you see how she keeps flying about, and the little ones trying to follow her—and tumbling upon their noses—and toddling about as if they were tipsy and could't see straight."

"I am afraid she is getting discontented."

"*Discontented!* how can that be father? Has'nt she her little ones about her, and every thing on earth she can wish? And then, you know—she never used to be so before."

"When her mate was with her perhaps?"

"Yes father—and yet, now I think of it, the moment these little witches began to peep-peep, and tumble about so funny, the father and the mother both began to fly about the cage, as if they were crazy. What can be the reason? the water, you see, is cool and clear; the sand all bright: they are out in the open air, with all the green leaves blowing about them; their cage has been scoured with soap and sand, the fountain filled, and the seed-box—and—and—I declare, I cannot think what ails them?"

"My love—may it not be the very things you speak of—things which you think ought to make them happy, are the very cause of all the trouble you see? The father and mother are *separated!* How can they teach their young to fly in that cage? how teach them to provide for themselves?"

"But father—dear father—!" laying her little hand upon the spring of the cage door—"dear father! *would you?*"

"And why not, my dear child?" And the father's eyes filled with tears, and he stooped and kissed the bright face upturned to his, and glowing as if illuminated with inward sunshine. "*Why not?*"

"I was only thinking father. If I should let them out, who will feed them?"

"Who feeds the young ravens, dear?—Who feeds the ten thousand little birds that are flying about us now?"

"True father; but they have never been imprisoned you know, and have already *learned to take care of themselves?*"

The mother looked up and smiled. "Worthy of profound consideration my dear—I admit your plea, but leave a care, lest you may over-rate the danger, and the difficulty, in your unwillingness to part with your beautiful little birds."

"Father"—and the little hand pressed upon the spring, and the door flew open—wide open!

"Stay my child! What you do must be done thoughtfully—conscientiously, so that you may be satisfied with yourself hereafter, when it is all over. Shut the door a moment, and allow me to hear all your objections."

"I was thinking, father about the cold rains, and the long winters—and how the poor birds that have been so long confined would never be able to find a place to skip in, or water to wash in, or seeds for their little ones."

"In our climate my love, the winters are very short; and the rainy season itself does not drive the birds away; and then you know birds always follow the sun—if our climate is too cold for them they have only to go farther south. But in a word my love—you are to do as you would be done by. As you would not like to have me separated from your mother and you; as you would not like to be imprisoned for life, though your cage were crammed with loaf sugar and sponge cake—as you——"

"That'll do father! that's enough! Brother Bobby! father Bobby! bring the little cage with you, there's a dear!"

Brother Bobby sung out in reply—and after a moment or two of anxious enquiry, appeared at the window with the little cage. The prison doors were opened—the father bird escaped—the mother bird followed, with the cry of joy—and then came back and tolled her little ones forth among the bright green leaves. The children clapped their hands in an extasy—and the father then fell upon their necks and kissed them; and the mother who sat by sobbed over them both for a whole hour, as if her very heart would break; and told all her neighbors the story with tears in her eyes.

* * *

"The ungrateful hussey! What! after all that we have done for her; giving her the best room we could spare—feeding her from our own table—clothing her from our own wardrobe—giving her the handsomest and shrewdest fellow for a husband within twenty miles of us—allowing them to live together till a child is born: and now, because we have thought proper to send him away for a while, where he may earn his keep—now forsooth! we are to find my lady discontented with her situation."

"Dear father!"

"Hush child!"

"Ay discontented—that's the word—actually dissatisfied with her condition! the jade!—with the best of every thing to make her happy: comforts and luxuries she could never hope of obtaining were she free to—morrow—and always contented, never presuming to be discontented till now."

"And what does she complain of father?"

"Why my dear child, the unreasonable thing complains just because we have sent her husband away to the other plantation for a few months: he was getting idle here, and might have grown discontented too if we had not packed him off. And then instead of being happier, and more thankful—more thankful to her heavenly Father, for the gift of a man child, Martha tells me that she just found her crying over it, calling it a little *slave* and wishing the Lord would take it away from her—the ungrateful wench! when the death of that child would be two hundred dollars out of my pocket, every cent of it!"

"After all we have done for her too!" sighed the mother.

"I declare I have no patience with the jade!" continued the father.

"Father—dear father!"

"Be quiet Moggy!—don't teaze me now."

"But father!" and as she spoke, the child ran up to her father and drew him to the window, and threw back her sun-shiny tresses, and looked up into his eyes with the face of an angel, and pointed to the cage as it still hung at the window, with the door wide open!

The father understood her—and colored to the eyes; and then as if more than half ashamed of the weakness, bent over and kissed her forehead—smoothed down her silky hair—and told her she was a child now, and must not talk about such matters till she had grown older.

"Why not father?"

"Why not!—Why bless your little heart!—Suppose I were silly enough to open my doors and turn the poor thing adrift with her child at her breast—what would become of her? Who would take care of her?—who feed her?"

"Who feeds young ravens father? Who takes care of all the white mothers, and all the white babes we see?"

"Yes child—but then—I know what you are thinking of; but then—there's a mighty difference let me tell you between a slave mother and a white mother—between a slave child and a white child."

"Yes father."

"Don't interupt me: you drive every thing out of my head. What was I going to say?—Oh—ah!—that in our long winters and cold rains, these poor things who have been brought up in our houses, and who know nothing about the anxieties of life, and have never learned to take care of themselves—and a—a—"

"Yes father; but *could'nt they follow the sun too? or go farther south?*"

"And why not be happy here?"

"But father—dear father? *How can they teach their little ones how to fly in a cage?*"

"Child you are getting troublesome!"

"And how teach their young *to provide for themselves, father?*"

"Put the little imp to bed, directly—do you hear!"

"Good night father! good night mother—DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY!"

The Mormon Bible.

The Boston Recorder of last week contains the following singular developement of the origin and history of the Mormon Bible. It accounts most satisfactorily for the existence of the book, a fact which heretofore it has been difficult to imagine how a work containing so many indications of being the productions of a cultivated mind, should be connected with a knavery so impudent, and a superstitions a gross as that which must have characterized the founders of this pretended religious sect. The present narrative which independently of the attestations annexed, appears to be by no means improbable, was procured from the writer by the Rev. Mr. Stow, of Hollliston, who remarks that he has "had occasion to come in contact with Mormonism in its greatest forms." It was communicated by him for publication in the Recorder.

Origin of the "Book of Mormon," or "Golden Bible."

As this book has excited much attention and has been put by a certain new sect, in the place of the sacred scriptures, I deem it a duty which I owe to the public, to state what I know touching its origin. That it's claims to a divine origin are wholly unfounded needs no proof to a mind unperverted by the grossest delusions. That any sane person should rank it higher than any other merely human composition, is a matter of the greatest astonishment; yet it is received as divine by some who dwell in enlightened New England, and even by those who have sustained the character of devoted Christians. Learning recently that Mormonism has found its way into a church in Massachusetts, and has impregnated some of its members with its gross delusions, so that excommunication has become necessary, I am determined to delay no longer to do what I can to strip the mask from this monster of sin and to lay open this pit of abomination.

Rev. Solomon Spaulding, to whom I was united in mariage in early life, was a graduate of Dartmouth College, and was distinguished for a lively imagination and a great fondness for history. At the time of our marriage, he resided in Cherry Valley, N. Y. From this place we removed to New Salem, Ashtabula County, Ohio; sometimes called Conneaut, as it is situated upon Conneaut Creek. Shortly after our removal to this place, his health sunk, and he was laid aside from active labors. In the town of New Salem, there are numerous mounds, and forts, supposed by many to be the dilapidated dwellings and fortifications now extinct. These ancient relics arrest the attention of the new settler and become subjects of research for the curious. Numerous impliments were found and other articles evincing great skill in the arts. Mr. Spaulding being an educated man and passionately fond of history, took a lively interest in these developements of antiquity: and in order to beguile the hours of retirement and furnish employment for his lively imagination, he conceived the idea of giving *an historical sketch of this long lost race.* Their extreme antiquity of course would lead him to write in *the most ancient style*, and as the Old Testament is the most ancient book in the world, he imitated its style as nearly as possible. His sole object in writing this *historical romance* was to amuse himself and his neighbors. This was about the year 1812. Hull's surrender at Detroit, occurred near the same time, and I recollect the date well from that circumstance. As he progressed in his narrative, the neighbors would come in from time to time to hear portions read, and a great interest in the work was excited among them. It claimed to have been written by *one of the lost nation*, and to have been *recovered from the earth*, and assumed the title of "Manuscript Found." The neighbors would often enquire how Mr. S. progressed in deciphering "the manuscript," and when he had a sufficient portion prepared he would inform them, and they would assemble to hear it read. He was enabled from his acquaintance with the classics and ancient history, to introduce *many singular names*, which were particularly noticed by the people and could be easily recognized by them. Mr. Solomon Spaulding had a brother, Mr. John Spaulding, residing in the place at the time, who was perfectly familiar with this work, and repeatedly heard the whole of it read.

From New Salem we removed to Pittsburgh, Pa. Here Mr. S. found an acquaintance and friend, in the person of Mr. Patterson, an editor of a newspaper. He exhibited his manuscript to Mr. P. who was very much pleased with it, and borrowed it for perusal. He retained it a long time and informed Mr. S, that if he would make out a title page and preface he would publish it and it might be a source of profit. This Mr. S. refused to do for reasons which I cannot now state. Sidney Rigdon,* who has figured so largly in the history of the Mormons, was at this time connected with the printing office of Mr. Patterson, as is well known in that region, and as Rigdom himself has frequently stated. Here he had ample opportunity to become acquainted with Mr. Spaulding's manuscript and to copy it if he chose. It was a matter of notoriety and interest to all who were connected with the printing establishment. At length the manuscript was returned to its author, and soon after we removed to Amity, Washington county, Pa. where Mr. S. deceased in 1816. The manuscript then fell into the my hands and was carefully preserved. It has frequently been examined by my daughter, Mrs. McCenstry, of Monson, Mass, with whom I now reside, and by other friends. After the "Mormon" came out, a copy of it was taken to New Salem, the place of Mr. Spaulding's former residence, and the very place where the "Manuscript Found" was written. A woman preacher appointed a meeting there, and in the meeting read and repeated copious extracts from the "Book of Mormon." The historical part was immediately recognized by all the older inhabitants, as the identical work of Mr. S. in which they had been so deeply interested years before. Mr. John Spaulding was present, who is an eminently pious man, and *recognized perfectly* the work of his brother. He was amazed and afflicted, that it should have been perverted to so wicked a purpose. His grief found vent in a flood of tears, and he arose on the spot and expressed in the meeting deep sorrow and regret, that the writings of his sainted brother should be used for a purpose so vile and shocking. The excitement in New Salem became so great, that the inhabitants had a meeting and deputed Dr. Philastus Hurlbut, one of their number to repair to this place and to obtain from me the original manuscript of Mr. Spaulding, for the purpose of comparing it with the Mormon Bible, to satisfy their own minds and to prevent their friends from embracing an error so delusive. This was in the year 1834. Dr. Hurlbut brought with him an introduction and request for the manuscript, signed by Messrs. Henry Lake, Aaron Wright, and others, with all whom I was acquainted, as they were my neighbors when I resided in New Salem.

I am sure that nothing could grieve my husband more, were he living, than the use which had been made of his work. The air of antiquity which was thrown about the composition, doubtless suggested the idea of converting it to purposes of delusion. Thus an historical romance, with the addition of a few pious expressions and extracts from the sacred Scripture has been construed into a new Bible and palmed off upon a company of poor deluded fanaties, as divine. I have given the previous brief narration, that the deception and wickedness may be searched to the foundation, and its author exposed to the contempt and execration he so justly deserves.

MATILDA DAVIDSON.

Rev. Solomon Spaulding was the first husband of the narrator of the above history. Since his decease, she has been married to a second husband by the name of Davidson. She is now residing in this place; is a woman of irreproachable character and an humble Christian, and her testimony is worthy of implicit confidence.

Monson, Mass. April 1st, 1838.

*One of the leaders and founders of the sect.

From the Disciple

The Church of Christ.

It is constituted of those redeemed from the lost world, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost, gathered into one in Christ, on the spiritual Mount Zion. Every true believer is a member of it, whatever may be his temporal location or his condition as to visible connections.—Wherever a believer is, there is the church of Christ. Though in the flesh unknown to all men, and unknowing of all—though a solitary, amidst the depths of unexplored wilderness, alone upon an unknown shore or undiscovered Isle—yet, is he come, by faith in Christ, "unto Mount Zion, the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, who are written in heaven, and to God the judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the meditator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better things than that of Abel." He is a "lively stone in the spiritual building, the holy priesthood for the offering of spiritual sacrifices, built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone, in whom all the building fitly framed together, groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord."

Hail, brother in Christ! fellow-member of his glorious Body! though thy earthly abode be beyond the seas! though thou were an outcast from all the world—hail thou! "no more a stranger and a foreigner, but a fellow-citizen with the saints, and of the household of God!" No action of man's but thine own faith, hath initiated thee unto the heavenly family. No action of man's but your own denial of the faith, and your own apostacy, can exclude you from it.

Numerous as its individual members may be, the church of Christ is one body, one spiritual assemblage. Its division into sects, is the work of man. This division is disorganization. It is carnality. It is Anti-Christ. It is devilish. Many of the endeared members of Christ's body, at this day, are circumstantially torn asunder, barred from social and practical union, and in a great measure lost to each other, by the cruel power of Sect.—By sectarian division from each other, and sectarian connection with false professors, worldlings and corrupt persons, their hearts have been greatly palsied and their influence neutralized. Much of their energies and means have been given in sacrifice to the sectarian Moloch. But God is now breaking the cruel tyranny of this Man of Sin. The deliverance of his children from the sectarian Bastile, is near. The door of the horrid prison is opening. They are coming forth into the enlargement, the liberty, the joyful fellowship and glorious light which is the birthright of the sons of God.

Clinton Grove School,

WEARE, N. H.

ARRANGEMENTS have recently been made to continue this Institution, under the care of WILLIAM H. GOVE, as Principal. Pupils will be admitted at any time when they choose to enter. The Institution is located in a pleasant and retired part of the town, altogether aside from the noise and bustle of business; rendering it a very appropriate situation for study, while at the same time it is free from idle and vicious company. Parents who wish to place their children here, are assured that every effort will be made to maintain good moral habits and correct discipline among the students.

A BOARDING-HOUSE is connected with the School, under the care of a gentleman well qualified for the charge, where all who attend, except those resident in the immediate neighborhood, will be accommodated. Scholars are not allowed to leave the grounds of the Institution without permission, and they are answerable at all times to the Teachers for misconduct while absent.

The English Branches usually studied at Academies, will be taught at this Institution.

TERMS.—Board and Tuition, $22.00 per quarter, (twelve weeks.) The terms and regulations for Females the same.

Each pupil may furnish his own class books, or they will be supplied at the Institution for one dollar per quarter.

MOSES SAWYER,
ISRAEL HOAG,
MOSES A. HODGDON, } Directors.

Weare, 7th month, 5th, 1841.

THE PEOPLE'S LITERARY INSTITUTE AND GYMNASIUM,

At Pembroke, N. H.

THE next Term in this Institution will commence on THURSDAY, the 19th of AUGUST instant, and continue 12 weeks.

☞ Tuition $4, payable in advance.

I. KINSMAN, Principal.

Pembroke, August 6, 1841.

Copartnership Notice.

THE subscribers have formed a connection in the Medicine and Grocery business, under the firm of ALLISON & BROWN, and have taken the store formerly occupied by Moses Chamberlain, 2 doors south of the Eagle Coffee House.

W. H. ALLISON,
PHILIP BROWN, JR.

P. S. As Mr. Brown has pursued and finished a regular course of Medical studies, and as the services of Mr. JOHN A. GAULT, of this place, have been secured for a time, we flatter ourselves that the Medical community as well as the public in general will grant us a liberal share of patronage.

ALLISON & BROWN.

Concord, July 1, 1841. 20—6w

Land and Mills for Sale.

I WANT to sell my premises on which I live; which consists of about sixteen acres of land, under good improvement; on which is a dwelling-house, wood-house, barn, saw-mill, and shingle-mill. Also, 75 acres of land nearby, well timbered with hard-wood, spruce, and hemlock. Also, 135 acres of land, almost level, lying on Pemigewasset, (or Merrimack,) river, and within one and a half mile of Campton Village, and within a mile of where I live.—About 15 acres of said land is cleared and 10 acres of bushes fell, and on it is a small barn and pine timber enough for about 150 thousand feet of boards;—the best chance in town to make a Farm—more land adjoining to be sold.

I will sell the whole, or part to suit purchasers; the whole for $2,500, or my homestead for $1,200, and a liberal pay day. For further particulars enquire of the subscriber. Please call soon.

EPHRAIM COOK.

Campton, August 9, 1841. 26-8w

Tailoring.

RICHARD DAME, respectfully informs the inhabitants of Concord and vicinity, that he has opened a Tailor's Shop, in the building in the corner of Main and Pleasant Streets, up stairs, opposit the South Church, where he intends carrying on the Tailoring business in all its various branches. From his long experience in the business, he hopes to deserve and receive a share of public patronage.

RICHARD DAME.

May 15, 1841.